

C/11/JP P. 22-23

Vol. VI, No. 3

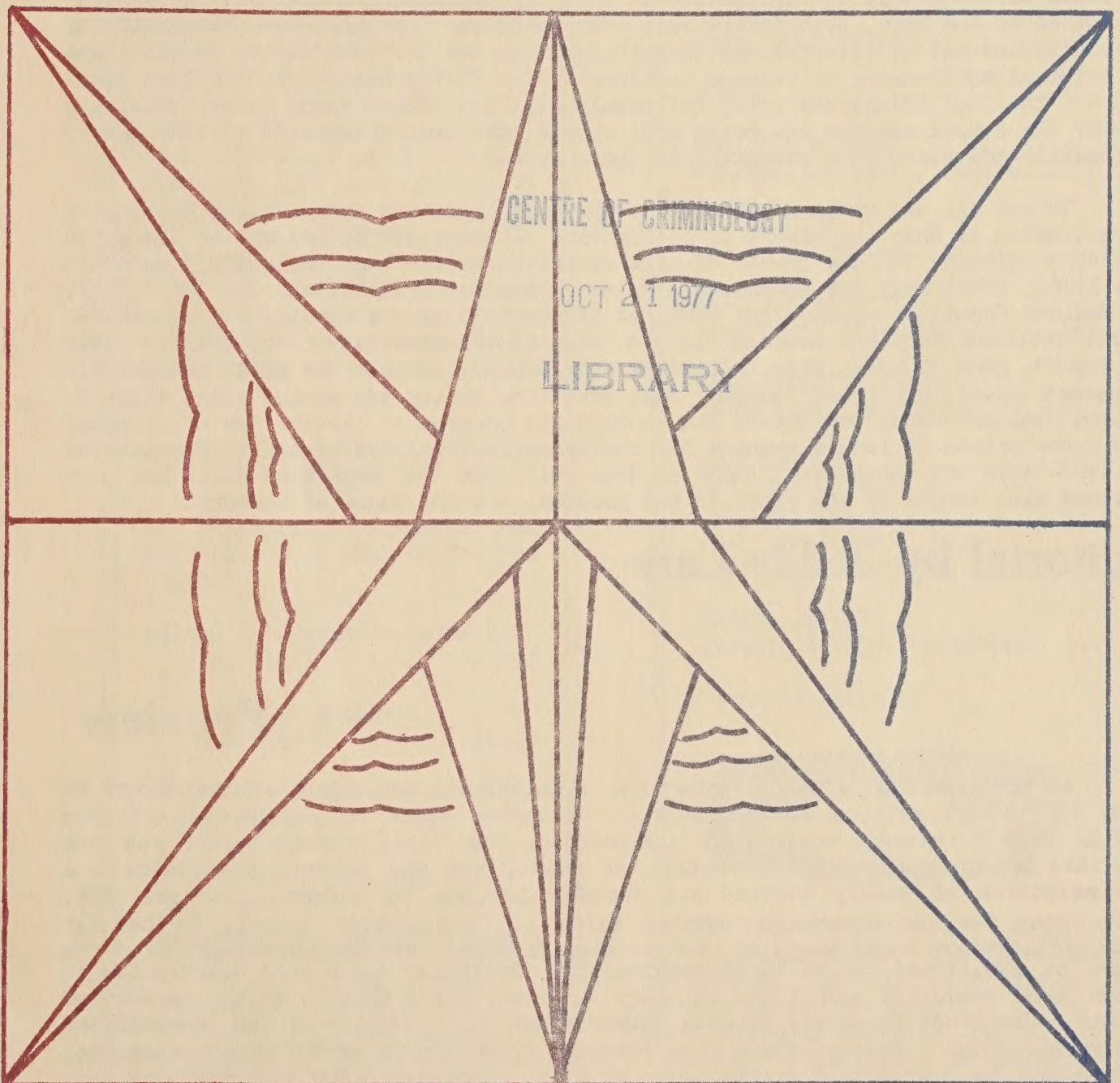
TC's Final Edition

ISSN 0381-095X

THE

COMMUNICATOR

SPRINGHILL PENITENTIARY



Refoxms

The long awaited response by Solicitor General Francis Fox to the Report to Parliament on prisons has finally arrived, although much of the substance of the changes will be under study for quite some time yet. It was nearly a year ago that various maximum security pens got headlines across Canada during riots and hostage incidents that resulted in the subcommittee road show and all the attention that ensued. When their report came in June, following leaks and uproar, the rather weak-kneed Recommendations and Principles cried out for action; the time was ripe for the Solicitor General to get cracking and shape up the Canadian Penitentiary Service and ship out scores of undesirables.

Many of the so-called 'major penitentiary reforms' are in areas of minor significance. The name tags, whatever they'll be like, and hot meals for Millhaven and Archambault are piddling items which don't merit attention of the august bodies who have devoted so much of their time to prisons recently. The extension of new staff probationary period to twelve months and the new procedures for Disciplinary Court, Administrative Segregation and the Grievance Procedure are more to the point, but do they go far enough? The lack of response to reform of the PSAC is overshadowed only by the protection of featherbedding regional offices.

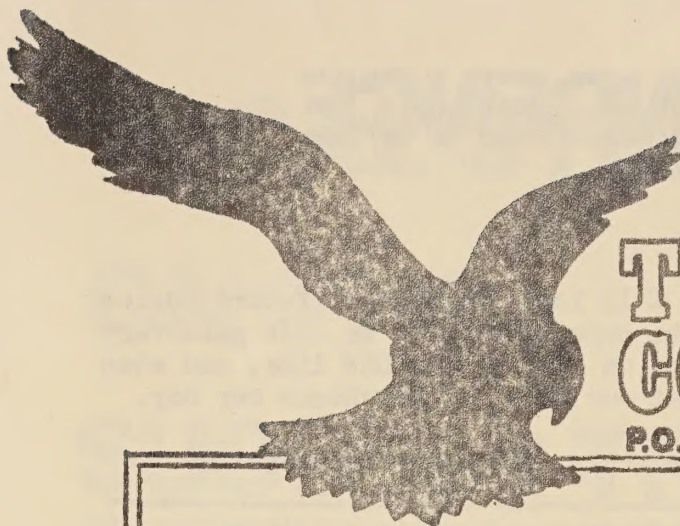
Now that the old Peace and Security Act has finally been pushed through Parliament under a new name with different trimmings, the many changes to prison life which were included under Custody and Release will start to be enacted. This combined with Fox's reforms could conceivably lead to new problems for the CPS. The substance of the Report to Parliament was that the 'Canadian Criminal Justice System' was rotten to the core, that reform must start with the Criminal Code, sentencing by the courts and use of alternatives therein, and that the CPS must strive to eliminate the criminal environment of prisons in favor of the Therapeutic Community type atmosphere. The way things are going definately will not attain those lofty goals, and many of the actual changes now being made should have been taken care of long ago by responsible administrators attending to their duties.

To put all the verbose activity of the last year into perspective, the Report to Parliament is only the newest in a long line of detailed studies of the CPS which provide a glimpse of the state of affairs which existed when the riots occurred in late 1976. Previously the Archambault Report catalogued conditions in the 1930's, the MacLeod Committee studied the problems of the 1950's, and finally the Swackhamer Report outlined tensions leading to the Kingston Penitentiary riot in 1971. This new report goes further only in that it covers a system that has grown extensively in recent years and those changes that have come during the period since Allen J. MacLeod 'warned those who could not accept his program of justice for all inmates within the prison to look elsewhere for employment'. The focus of all this attention will not move any mountains, such as the PSAC, but the awareness which has been awakened will linger in the minds of the populus, and the House of Commons.

Editorial by Teddy Carr

Preview

As the summer days get shorter the midnight oil burns long in the effort to bring TC's Final Edition to completion. Following weeks of boisterous activity leading to the rhythmic rolling of the presses, the final product before you now came into being. Inside this creation of sweat, ink and broken typewriters is a vast selection of timely tidbits and morsels for you to digest as you see fit. Coming upon the Correspondence, untold tales of Communicator travels in the far north, followed by Local Stops of similar significance. Although we didn't find the Report to Parliament to be light reading, the Conclusion was a good description of prison life presently and quite literary to boot. In a tribute to the pursuit of carrots, the great Temporary Absence comes under the scrutiny of the Communicator magnifying glass. Poetry, Poys and reviews flash by in rapid fire succession, landing you in the Arts & Crafts News, what you might call your supplementary section. You leather fetishists might just rip it out and hide it under your pillow for future use. Finally all the madness and zaniness of the units with highlights of sports action to top it all off, and just think, we did it all for you. Enjoy.



"Earth, this is God. I want all you people to clear out before the end of the month. I have a client who is interested in the property."

THE COMMUNICATOR

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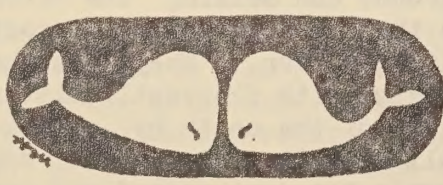
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CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Editor;

I've been receiving your paper for some years, and have yet to decide that it is of any value, or contains some information useful to the public. Originally, the paper came to me in a D.N.D. Care Package, wrapping several boxes of airplane cement they send each month to alleviate the boredom when off duty here at the pole. After all the glue was in my head, I was pretty confused, and got into the writing on the wrappers. My first exposure to the Communicator was also my first exposure to High Frequency Micro Waves, so you can imagine my half-baked attitude. I had fallen into one of the pits under a radar responder when finished with the glue, and couldn't get up for several days. Those small blue scraps of paper saved me from certain insanity. I must have read them so many times that they became committed to memory, because at night, sometimes, fragments of Parahamster Donut drift into my consciousness, and the poetry from that issue also snuggles into my lobes to cut in and out of my normal thoughts. Those two long nosed sisters were abused unmercifully. You ought to be ashamed of the lack of respect shown for the cloth.

Anyhow, here in the north, reading material is scarce, so while still under the influence of sniff, I sent in that application for subscription. Three or four months later, amongst some Newfie Gazettes and John Birch Newsletters, I found my first complete copy of your paper. It has arrived on some mysterious schedule ever since, and never by the same mode of transportation twice. Once I recovered my copy from a group of Russian Refugees making their way over the pole. They trudged into sight, repeated only a magical Chant BOM IXO.....BOM IXO amidst a jumble of foreign phrases.

Alert Environment Canada Agents had little difficulty wrestling the halfwits to the ground and seizing the offensive magazine they were waving so suggestively at our installation. They were charged collectively, with flagrantly disturbing the ecology of the north by making foot prints all over the pole. The copy of the Communicator was seized and confiscated, as it was thought to contain some subversive antiestablishment article in the form of "Ballin' Jack", but this was later interpreted by the bureau of external affairs - Propoganda Dection as a satire, amusing, by expatriot americans, on the Leatril ban, and smuggling.

I'll look foreward to future copies of the paper coming to me. It gets very boring up here on the DEW line, and when we get our copy, it brightens our day.

yours truly, Sylvester Hepplewhite.

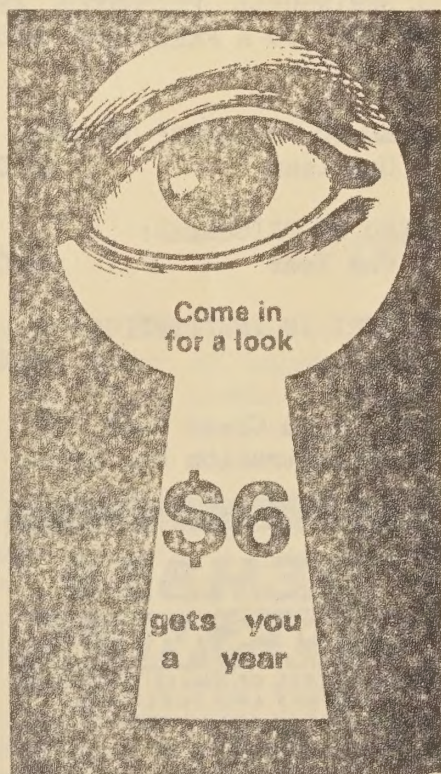
Dear Editor;

After reading a copy of the Report to Parliament by the Subcommittee on the Penitentiary System In Canada, I just had to write you and tell you how thrilling it is to be alive and a witness to this great document. We here at the old home are very excited about all this, in anticipation of the sweeping changes on the horizon for all you poor prisoners. Our sewing circle discussion committee got into such an exciting talk when the report was released that Ethel MacDonald sewed her apron to a quilt and managed a great spill of tea and bisquits.

Marg Whalebone got so lathered up she spit her false teeth at the small sub-group in favour of capital punishment and corporal punishment for all inmates initiating grievance procedure against those poor misunderstood guardians of public safety and sanity.

Us ladies from the reformatory are with you all the way in yer struggle for equal rights, and if you feel that civil disobedience is required, we're all prepared to take whatever measures seem to best further the cause. Onward!!!!!!!!!!

Yours in chaos, Sybyl McLeesh



LOCAL STOPS ON THE SUCCESS TRAIN

Family Visiting Day 77

Sunday June 26; Family Day 1977 arrived a cloudy but rather warm day, with a cool breeze which made for a fairly comfortable day in the auditorium. The visiting began between one and one thirty. The auditorium was jam packed with tables and chairs in a generally screwed up fashion, while the stage was set up with nice straight rows of tables. Off in the left hand corner of the stage were the musical instruments, where throughout the afternoon certain talented residents entertained, such as Melvin Reddick singing his heart out to the audience, or Yvon Marcotte nicely doubling up on the guitar and harmonica. The field behind the auditorium was open for travel, and along with the auditorium it made for a fairly large area to move around in. Many residents and their guests were indulging in the outside activities, which included sitting on picnic tables, talking, taking pictures, or just hiding somewheres to be alone. Uncle Jack and Captain Vince did a fine job with the kiddies, staging various games and keeping everyone happy. At around two o'clock the chapel was opened and Dennis Vienotte and Bruce Hicks were there to greet you with a smile.

Throughout the afternoon a canteen was situated near the front door of the auditorium for the use of one and all, and on the other side of the entrance a buffet was set up by the kitchen staff. At three the sandwiches and donuts were uncovered and the food was picked at for an hour or more. The coffee and juice jugs were kept busy all afternoon, free of charge. The afternoon went off very smoothly and towards six o'clock the crowds had dwindled off, leaving only a handful for the last half hour. And so another Family Day packed away on the shelf.



Au Revoir, Cordon Bleu

It is with some regret that this writer notifies the population of the upcoming transfer of our kitchen supervisor, Mr. Watkins, to the Dorchester Pen. Many newcomers do not appreciate his job in the kitchen, but then there's a lot they don't appreciate. Anyhow, his arrival in the kitchen was heralded by a few sweeping changes, mostly a lot of sweeping. Of course, the food won't be like mother used to make, but that is a bit much to expect, and what we now eat, and where we eat it is a far cry from the days of not so long ago.

We hope his successor will maintain such standards, continuing to strive for high morale and better conditions.

Looking For A Fortune?

The Fortune News, a monthly newspaper published by the Fortune Society, is free to all prisoners. Men and Women who are locked up can receive a subscription by writing to the Fortune Society at 29 East 22nd Street, NYC, 10010.

The Fortune Society is an organization of ex-offenders and interested community persons. 8000 prisoners are currently subscribers to this newspaper.

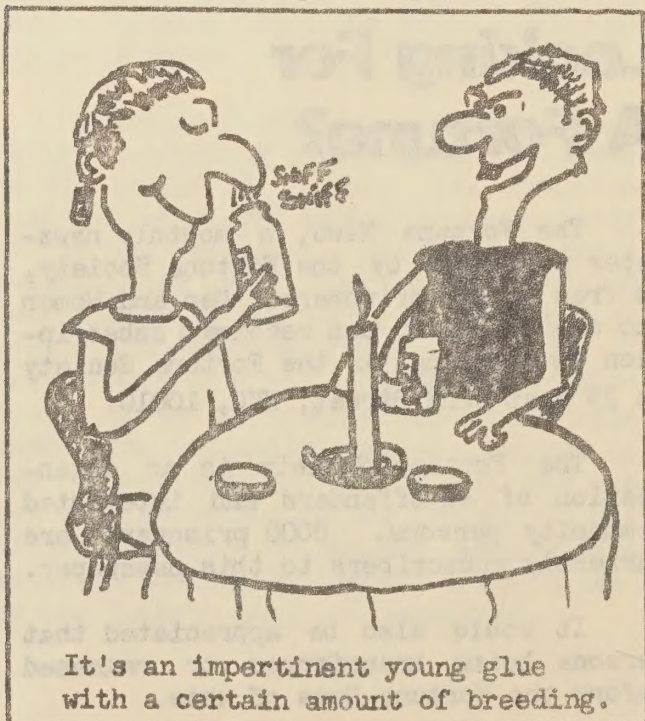
It would also be appreciated that persons being transferred or released inform the Fortune News of this.

Notes From Space Ship Earth

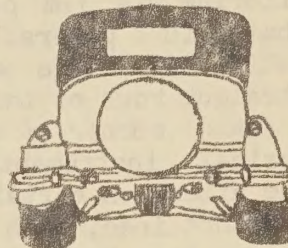
Greetings from the brig, my fellow passengers. How're y'all enjoyin' the ride so far? Even from this barnacle-infested backwater, there are compensations. Something like being able to lay back and watch the cosmos stream by, or us stream by them, the point is irrelevant, anyhow. 'Course all you passengers not in the steerage have your own diversions, like pretending that your daily labours actually assist the flight of de ole ship. Well, I guess you've got to do something with your time, RIGHT? We -us bums- have it figgered differnt, so we have the time to ponder the wonders of yer rat race delusion. I mean, that's why we're in the damn lockup anyhow, we keep on makin' fun of y'all, and make up funny questions that get you so upset you have to take some soma or valium or whatever.

Well, it don't matter a bit, what you do with us, cause the flight plan of this ole crate does not take into it's calculations any individuals particular delusion. Of course, if we all took it into our heads to huff and puff in some sort of rythm, well then, I suppose, somebody might notice a slight variation in our direction. That's the way we Nth class passengers have it figgered. If we all stage our collective sitdown on old mama terra firma, then the captain's bound to notice that the natives is restless, right? Well maybe he'll send down the first mate, like he did that other time, but we figger he learned that we won't deal with anybody but the boss.

Maybe we should picket, with the usual signs; UP WITH DOWN! DOWN WITH UP! and then MANAGEMENT OUT OF TOUCH WITH GRASSROOTS!! You probably get the idea.



Of course, we'd have to be careful with mutiny laws, or we all might get locked up, what? Think what they might do to you. Gasp!!!!!! Why, they might put you on a transport ship, goos ole earth transformed into a Flying Dutchman, in search of whatever tickled the fancy of the navigator. Unfortunately, you probably wouldn't even notice the difference so you'd never have the experience of being locked up against your will, in a location beyond your reckoning, bound for some extraterrestrial port in uncharted void. Why, you wouldn't want to go with out a soul-watering, psyche licking good experience like that, would you? You would? Gee whiz, that's disappointing. Ah well, I must see if I can stir up the mechanics section. If nobody's lookin', I may manage to do something drastic, like reverse polarity, or shut off the gravity, or bust the dome and we'll all get sucked out the hole like warm beer.



6, 8, 12 Hike

Recently the administration building has sported some new "Signs Of The Times". These put in a few well chosen words, the sentiment we all feel as it affects us.

The first one of these covers the usual red tape all government bodies use to cover their incompetence.

TABLE OF EXCUSES

(To save time, give number)

1. That's not the way we've always done it.
2. I didn't know you were in a hurry for it.
3. That's not my department.
4. No on told me to go ahead.
5. I'm waiting for an OK.
6. That's his job, not mine.
7. Wait until the boss comes in and ask him.
8. I forgot.
9. I didn't think it was very important.
10. I'm so busy I just can't get around to it.
11. I thought I told You.
12. I wasn't hired to do that.

Another new poster advises staff to be on the lookout for people sleeping on the job, as some employees have continued to receive benifits while dead on the job.

Off The Rack

As this issue is forming in the minds of the writers, and the artist is planning some covers to titillate your senses, the old struggle of forces on the outside for control seems to never rest.

The Canadian Parliament has passed that gun control legislation and wiretap loosening legislation. The comment from Eldon Woolliams, longtime champion to a lost cause, that the bill will not stop the violent deaths of police, despite anything the Minister of Justice says, is of course true.

It seemed fairly obvious that the bill was simply the necessary price in the ongoing compromise with the law and order types, in this case, in a trade for a no capital punishment bill passed earlier in the game. From this end, it doesn't look like a good deal, as I can not accept that 25 years in jail minimum is better than death. I guess we draw closer to 1984 with each ticking of the clock.

Another item gleaned from between the lines of the local newspapers, with equally scary implications. The Green Peace group, in an attempt to show lax security at a nuclear installation, have aided the cause of the power freaks, not power in terms of electricity, but power in terms of a Plutonium Police State, so clearly gathering in the good old U.S.A.



This situation is very familiar in revolutionary circles. Attacking an oppressive system, for whatever reason, in whatever manner, simply justifies whatever measures they take against you. It can be argued that at some point, the people will rise up and "cleanse" their land, but history shows different. In case after case, the cry; "We were only following orders", is not so different from "I'm only doing my job", and these from people who really believe that the state is holy, and that whatever that state sanctions, is the truth, the way, and good for all mankind, whether they can see it or not.

L.S.O.T.S.T.

The summer sun bakes down on the newspaper office, bringing on sun stroke and the resulting delirium amongst the industrious typewriter tappers, but before all hell breaks loose we better just thank those who have contributed a little bit of their life to Local Stops. If you have a newsworthy item that deserves attention, write a little something and give it to us. All contributors will be rewarded with a free one year subscription mailed anywhere in the world. The editors keep the right to make the final decision to print.

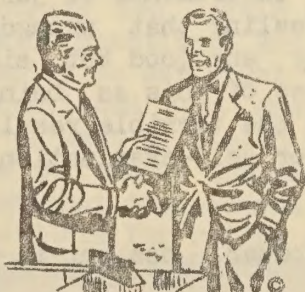
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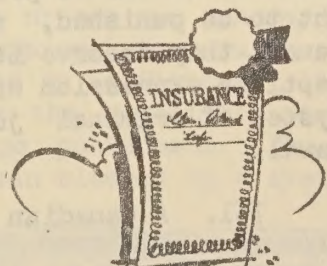
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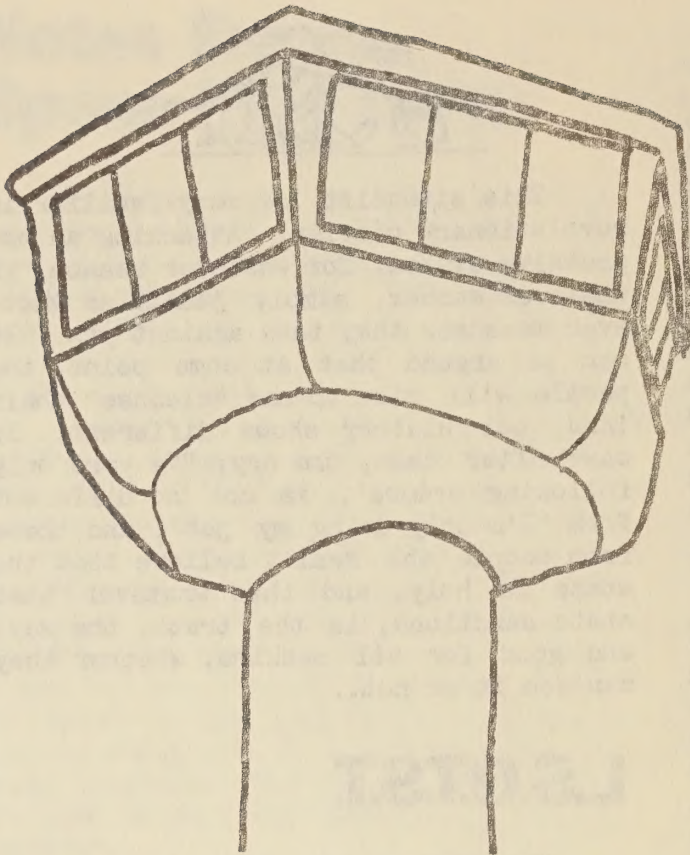


Our Twenty Seventh Year

Report to Parliament

By the Sub-Committee on the

Penitentiary System in Canada



Chapter XII Conclusion

"There are 22-odd million people in this country who feel that prisons should at least carry out their primary function, which is to keep the offender out of circulation until he is lawfully released from custody. So that is what the public expects.

"I suppose members of Parliament, if not the public, expect any prison system to do something by way of reforming, rehabilitating, and changing the attitude of the people who are being kept in custody. Somewhere along the line you must have an approximate mix of your values." Allen J. MacLeod, Former Commissioner of Penitentiaries (25:39).

749. Canadian penitentiaries are an integral aspect of the Canadian system of criminal justice. It has become apparent that many of the serious problems this country faces with respect to its penitentiaries are the result of difficulties that exist throughout the entire criminal justice system. We have made a number of recommendations with respect to specific penitentiary matters. We wish to say quite bluntly, however, that it would be misleading for the public to assume that the problems that must be solved, and the means for their solution, can be confined to the institutions within which we imprison persons convicted of crimes. An investigation such as we have concluded can generate a great many much-needed reforms for our penitentiaries. This, however, is not enough. We heard convincing evidence about a number of significant problems that, although they may be manifested in penitentiaries, are inescapably the result of major deficiencies in the criminal justice system as a whole.

750. This point may be illustrated by the conclusion we have reached, and which was specifically stated by more than one of the many experienced and distinguished witnesses we have heard, that nothing in the criminal justice system proceeds according to any clear or generally accepted principles defining the purposes of the penal system: who should be incarcerated, and why, or what the Penitentiary Service is supposed to accomplish. Without such principles, the government ethic of what is otherwise one of the world's most advanced and sophisticated instruments of justice is reduced to one of primitive retribution—a generalized feeling that wrongdoers ought to be punished, not because it will do them or society any good but simply because they deserve it. We cannot dignify the consequences of this as being an acceptable expression of any moral purpose. Rather they are the terrible result of a system of criminal justice that lacks the internal means for self-examination and renewal.

751. A Canadian with inmate experience, Andreas Schroeder, has put it this way:

"Prison is a big lightless room filled with hundreds of blind, groping men, perplexed and apprehensive and certain that the world is full of nothing but

their enemies, at whom they must flail and kick each time they brush against them in the dark. Prison is a bare and bewildering marketplace in which the sellers and buyers mill about in confusion, neither having the remotest idea of what to buy or what to sell. Prison is a composite of all those seats in the world which are obscured by pillars and beams, and from behind which you can see neither game nor scoreboard nor attract the attention of the ice-cream man." (Shaking it Rough, A Prison Memoir, Doubleday Canada Ltd., 1976)

752. This fundamental absence of purpose or direction creates a corrosive ambivalence that subverts from the outset the efforts, policies, plans and operations of the administrators of the Canadian Penitentiary Service, saps the confidence and seriously impairs the morale and sense of professional purpose of the correctional, classificational and program officers, and ensures, from the inmate's perspective, that imprisonment in Canada, where it is simply not inhumane, is the most individually destructive, psychologically crippling and socially alienating experience that could conceivably exist within the borders of the country.

753. This ambivalence is itself an intrinsic element of our existing system of criminal justice—a term in which we include all individuals, institutions, governments, courts and parliaments that have been or are now involved in state intervention in the lives of those who have committed antisocial behaviour. In particular cases, measured according to its internal rules of law, its requirements for fair procedures, the tradition of impartial judges and the like, our criminal justice system is an excellent instrument. What it lacks, however, is any clear or acceptable governing conception of what we as a society intend to accomplish under the rubric of "criminality".

754. No one can validly contest the view that justice, by formal definition is done in individual cases, and is done with great skill and care according to the rules and procedures that guide the responsible authorities at every stage. This, however, does not mean that problems of an extraordinary magnitude do not exist, simply because anything the system does is called "justice".

755. In plain fact, much is wrong, and we can only achieve justice, in any rational sense of that very significant term, through a major commitment to fundamental reform.

756. What this Sub-Committee has seen cannot therefore continue to be defined out of existence by legal fictions or be written off with such simplistic and essentially evasive manoeuvres as hiring more staff, building more penal institutions, isolating troublemakers, or getting rid of a few incompetents. Reform of our prisons should be no more than one part of a thorough, open and necessarily painful candid assessment of what the criminal justice system ought to do.

757. In the absence of a clear understanding of goals or ends, the ability of the criminal justice system to produce successful results, whether it acts through penitentiaries or other forms of motivation, sanction or punishment, will continue to elude our grasp. A general reform effort involving legislation, administrative action, analysis of legal and judicial policy and testing of assumptions must be undertaken with respect to the continuum of practices, attitudes, laws, regulations, institutions and bureaucracies that make up the criminal justice system as a whole, along with a concentrated attack on the problems and shortcomings of that system as they are manifested specifically in the penitentiaries. Reform in any lesser context would be the same as saying "having lost sight of our goals we must now redouble our efforts."

758. Many things in the penitentiaries must be changed. This Sub-Committee is certainly not the first group either to arrive at that conclusion or to list a series of recommendations for reform. We wish to stress, however, that it would be inaccurate and unfair to appear to overlook the efforts over the years of thousands of well-intentioned and capable individuals who, each in his or her own sphere, has attempted to set right some shortcomings or correct some inappropriate results. We are convinced that most such efforts have not been subverted by selfishness, laziness or want of vision so much as they have been defeated by the monolithic resistance to change inherent to our total approach to crime and punishment. To the extent that improvement to our correctional practices has been blocked by a system, our efforts for reform must be directed at that system.

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759. Successfully dealing with crime and criminality is something that ultimately must involve all elements of the social fabric. It is wrong to assume that alterations to our approach to imprisonment, or to our criminal justice system for that matter, can cause these changes to occur. This Sub-Committee, in discharging its mandate, has an obligation to point out that it is unrealistic to expect that imprisonment is an answer to problems the roots of which are elsewhere.

760. While we have given a candid account to Parliament and the Canadian people of what we found, our purpose is not fault finding, but rather to make recommendations with respect to problems that exist now and which must be corrected. This can only be done if all concerned are not only able to but ready to acknowledge the existence of problems that call for cooperative solutions, and then work together to solve them, rather than straining public trust, wasting taxpayers' money and spending energy that could better be directed to constructive ends in an attempt to show that what they have done in the past has been above reproach. Our object is not to provoke the defense of the present system, but rather to act as a catalyst for its much needed thorough reform.

761. The Sub-Committee's view is that the penitentiary system should continue to be supervised by Parliament and that such supervision should take place in the context of the whole legal system.

Recommendation 65

The Standing Committee on Justice and Legal Affairs should have a permanent reference during the rest of the 30th Parliament and for the 31st Parliament to enable it to review the implementation of this Report in the context of the criminal justice system.

(pp 155-7)



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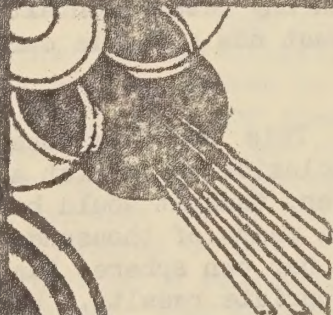


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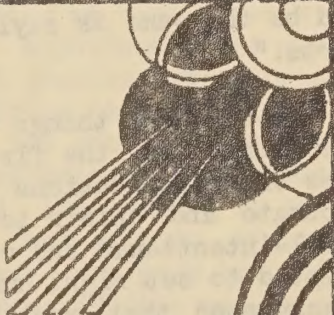
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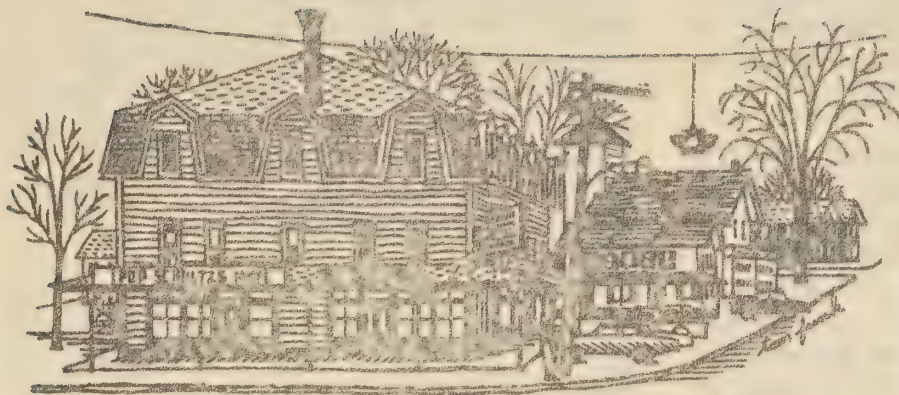
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ATLANTIC CANADA

AMHERST NOVA SCOTIA







T.A. CITY

by Teddy Carr

A short look down the long road to a T.A.

Les got off the train and wound his way through the crowds to get out of the station. Once he was out the door he was bathed in the sunlight of the afternoon. He filled his lungs with the air of the city, quietly taking in all around him. Promptly he set off down the once familiar streets he'd been away from for so long. Never before had these streets meant so much; they were, after all, only the streets he'd played in as a kid. As the pavement moved by under his feet, pride welled up in his soul. For the next three days he was his own man again, able to decide for himself what to do with his time. For now, check in at home, then off to Judy's office to pick her up from work...

Doing time at Springhill Institution, a medium security prison, for many people includes the pursuit of a parole plan, though not for everyone. Nearly all who enter doing a deuce will be considered by the Parole Board, and many of those will be granted one form of parole or another. During the time leading up to parole the opportunity arises for Temporary Absence (TA), a short leave from the joint for a wide variety of reasons, which can often play a very large role in a parole plan.

There have been some fundamental changes in the process of applying for TA recently, mainly taking the shape of new application forms. Aside from simplifying the process by only needing one copy filled out, rather than three copies as with the old forms, there have been some subtle changes in the background which are not easily noticeable to the inmates, but the effect will delay TA's. Whether it is at the beginning, when the Living Unit officer is trying to complete his forms and he finds that the inmate's file is needed, or at the end of the line after the TA has the final approval of

the Director and an additional two weeks is mandated before the gates are opened, the effect is the same: lay down and wait till the bureaucracy goes through the motions.

With the present state of affairs, no longer can you request a TA six weeks ahead of time and reasonably hope that all will be ready when the time comes. In the following outline of the process you will see that three months is much closer to a proper amount of time to allow, although when the powers that be are sufficiently inspired, amazing things can happen in very short periods of time.

There are a few basic varieties of TA. Most likely the largest in number are the sports TA's, such as hockey or softball for groups with a couple of escorts, usually recreation staff. Somewhat related to this under the heading of Social Development are the groups like Alcoholics Anonymous, Jaycees, and other group programs which involve group and individual TA's. The really important one though is the 'Personal TA', up to three days on your own with certain restrictions. The process of applying for and getting granted a TA will be outlined next; it is long and drawn out, requiring support from many people inside the prison and on the street.

Get yourself one of the new forms for 'Inmate Application for Temporary Absence' and proceed to fill in all the necessary information. In particular is the time of departure and return; for this you will need to know train schedules or such for the transportation to and from your destination. The 'Sponsor' is another subject that calls for a little planning; basically a sponsor is anyone from the local area where you'll be staying, someone who you can call on if need be. The John Howard Society can

do the job and lends some respectability to the whole idea, but a neighbour will do just fine. The only rule of thumb is that it cannot be a member of your immediate family.

Now comes the big question: on the form it just says 'Purpose', but what they're looking for is why in hell do you want a TA, when it's obviously to get the hell away from here, if only for a few days. That doesn't look at all good on the form though, so spend some time thinking of things that you need to take care of. There is a lot of room for different ideas here, but try to stay close to your parole plan; tie in to the family, work, or wife. The 'Purpose' may be the most important single factor on the whole form, so give it your best shot.

Finally you come to all the little boxes which need check marks (✓) for the

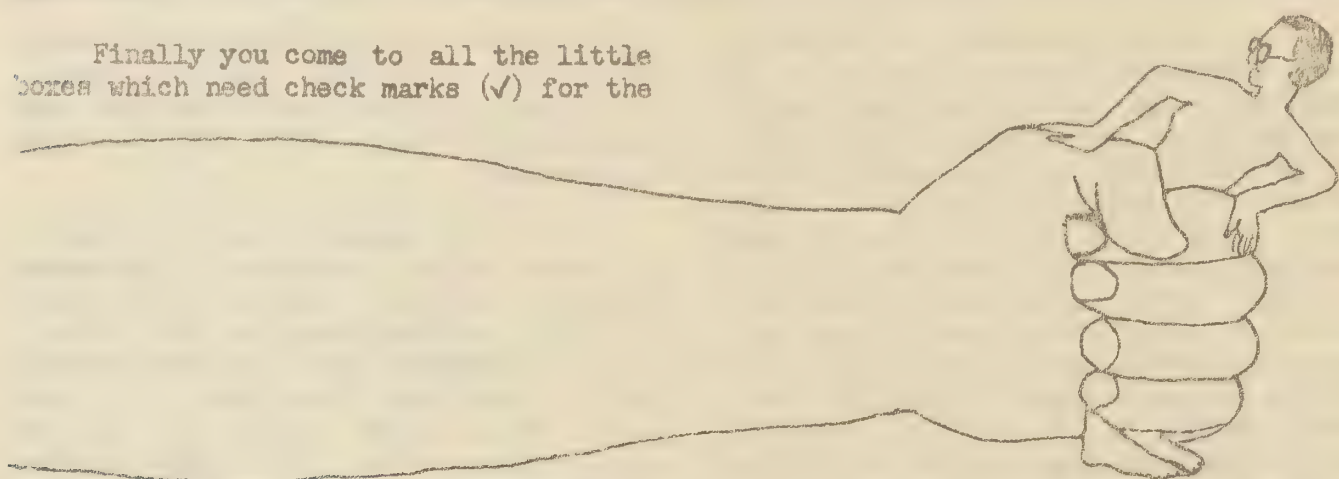
minor details such as clothes, money and travel arrangements. If there are any other needs which you feel deserve looking after, put them down under 'Specify' after checking the box called 'Other'. Such needs might be extra travel time or stuff you want to take with you, like hobby craft products.

When the form is all filled out, check over everything to make sure all the details are correct. This can be difficult, what with trying to make a lot of plans months ahead of time. It is important to set it all straight at the start and then stick to the original arrangements, cause any changes you may want to make later may cause a delay. This might be a good time to fill out your Trust Fund Form and attach it to the TA Form, along with any other requests, so that it can all get taken care of and hopefully things won't get lost in the shuffle.

With papers in hand, get set for the first scrimmage: turn the forms over to your range officer, who should be expecting them providing that you've already talked it over with him in advance. The bottom of the TA form is a tear-off receipt for you, which means you can keep a record of when he got it. It is doubtful as to whether this will do you any real good, but someone thought

it was a dandy idea. While you are there though, you should feel him out about whether he is going to support it. If you can identify any problems right now, it'll save time over waiting and hearing about it after the TA Board. The same applies for your Classification Officer, if you can find him, check out where he stands on the subject.

The ball is now in the hands of the staff, and they must now complete another form with more boxes, questions, and remarks, which may require your institutional file. This process may take a week or two til the time is found for everyone to complete their part. There is even a place for Security and your Shop Supervisor to contribute remarks on the form, but that may not be necessary.



When all documents are in order, They will be presented at the weekly TA Board in the unit by your range officer, or in the event of his not being there, by your Classification Officer, although recently certain members of the Classification dept. show a reluctance to do that. In that case it will just be postponed until the range officer is there. To reach this stage then, you should count on one month from when you start planning out all the details to the presentation at the TA Board.

The people on the TA Board are going to come to a decision on your request on a group basis, that is they will all have a say and eventually a vote. It doesn't hurt to be aware of who is working when the board is held, and of those working, who will support you. It does not pay to have a shouting match with the Cookie Monster over at the dining hall one day, then offer him the chance to deny you a TA the next. A few words to each of the staff working that day can establish support that will go a long ways toward getting out. Then again, they may call you into the TA Board and grill you about the whole idea, throwing lots of what-if-this-happens-? at you. Keep cool, use common sense, and talk straight in that event.

If all goes well and the TA is ap-

proved 'in principle', then another form comes out, this one a request for Community Assessment(CA). The Classification officer is supposed to do this one up, then off it goes for typing, then mailing to the Truro office of the National Parole Service. From there it gets farmed out to the office in the area where you are going. The folks down there in Truro will send you a nice little form letter saying that this has been done and that you can expect (hope) for the results to be back in a month. When you get this letter it'll give you an idea of how long it took for the process to be completed here and mailed out.

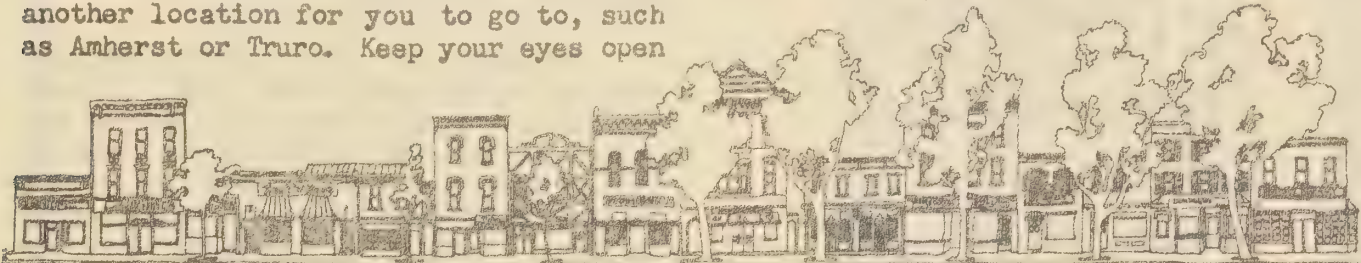
In doing a Community Assessment, a Parole Officer will go out and personally speak to people about your plans. That includes the 'Victim', Cop Shop, your family, wife or girl friend, and maybe even the sponsor. All these conversations will be boiled down by the Parole Officer into a report that you will never see, but that will have a big affect on whether you get out or not. When the CA gets back here to the joint, they might tell you if it's positive(or going to help you get out)or negative (or make sure you never get out). Sometimes it is necessary to look around for another location for you to go to, such as Amherst or Truro. Keep your eyes open

for a place where you can muster a little support locally, like an old friend of the family who'll pull for you.

If the problems are at a minimum, you can expect this part of the process to take six to eight weeks. If things don't go smoothly, well the sky is the limit.

For now let's just assume all has gone well, the CA is back and it looks not too bad, so it's time for another TA Board. Once again the forces must be put into action, only this time the board has to make a final decision and the CA is there for them to base their decision upon. If the Cop Shop didn't get too personal in dumping on you, maybe they will say 'What the hell, give the guy a Break.' Then the green light is on and it's time for the plan to be presented to the director.

The director of the institution is ultimately responsible for all the TA's from his prison, except for lifers who are in the hands of the Parole Board. When he sits down to review all the TA's which have been cleared by the units, he should accept the word of the TA Board. After all, they have spent months, if not



Zellers
SUBURBAN
DEPARTMENT
STORES

NOVA SCOTIA

AMHERST

Cumberland
County Fair Mall

HALIFAX

Bayers Road
Shopping Center

YARMOUTH

76 Starrs Road

NEW GLASGOW

Aberdeen Mall

SYDNEY

Sydney
Shopping
Centre

NEW MINAS

County
Fair
Mall

BEDFORD

Sunnyside
Shopping
Plaza

TRURO

Fundy Trail
Shopping Centre

BRIDGEWATER

Bridgewater
Shopping Plaza

NEWFOUNDLAND

ST. JOHN'S

Torbay Road Mall

NEW BRUNSWICK

MONCTON

Moncton Mall

ST. JOHN

Parkway Mall

FREDERICTON

Fredericton Mall

PRINCE

EDWARD ISLAND

SUMMERSIDE

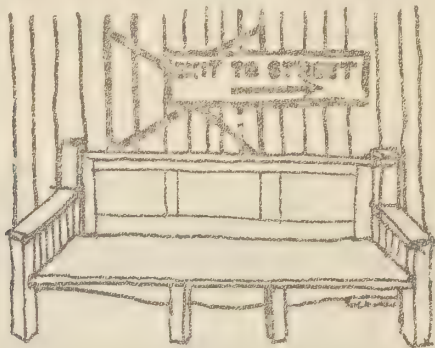
County Fair Plaza

'WHERE YOUR SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED'

years observing you around the unit and at range meetings. That is followed by a thorough screening at the TA Board, and assuming that everyone has done their job, the Director will review the request and all related information to come to his final decision, which should be the necessary approval.

At this point there is a minimum of two weeks for the final processing of all the minor details for the TA before the gates are opened so you can walk out. You should check that your Trust Fund form is looked after. Make a phone call or drop a note home to let them know the news that you're coming, then sit tight. Now is the time you start going crazy waiting for the big day, planning all the stuff you're going to do while you have the chance. Keep your cool, before you know it, it will be all over.

One final thing before you go, what are your restrictions? It pays to get it straight before you go, but if no one ever told you then read the form they give you to carry as identification. It starts off with '...proceed directly to your destination...' and there is room



for them to add little extras like 'report to the police once a day...'

There are many places along the way to get hung up, at which time you can throw away your hopes and dreams. The object of all these goings on is to protect the public as the authorities feel they must. In doing so, they provide one of the foremost programs for getting an inmate out once and for all.

The time period involved in processing TA's has slowly grown until now it can be quite out of hand. To reduce frustration amongst the inmate population in regards to this problem, the entire operation could use a little streamlining to close in some of the bigger gaps.

There are many details regarding when you're eligible for a TA which have not been covered here because of the complexity. All these guidelines, need to be slackened to allow more flexibility so that individual cases can be judged on merit rather than dismissed on technicalities. To help begin this process more escorted passes need to be established to fulfill the requirements for a security clearance.

So there you have the complex process of being cleared for a TA. A three day taste of the good life fills you with hope for the future, not to mention giving you food for thought while back in your cell about what the future will be like. All this, and much more, is what makes this prison 'TA City'.

The Accent on Youth program in Springhill Institution is a program run by a group of concerned inmates. After being an active member of the group for a time inmates go out to speak to children and their parents with the hope that through the experiences of the speaker, they may be deterred from a life which leads to the courts and prison.

To be a member of this group, all that a guy has to do is show his sincerity by attending the weekly meetings. With the help of more experienced members, each new member prepares his presentation, and is taught how to deliver it in front of people. After this he is recommended by the Chairman for the TLA program, subject, of course, to the approval of the unit and director.

Chairman
Joe Murphy



POETRY

FOLK HERO

HE FLED FROM THE
NORM,
SURVEYED ALL THAT
WAS AROUND HIM,
AND THEN ACTED.

HIS MOVES WERE KNOWN
FAR AND WIDE,
HE WAS FAMOUS IN HIS
OWN TIME, AND
NOT TILL HIS DEATH AS A
MARTYR, DID
HIS FAME CLIMB.

I CAN STILL SEE HIS
FACE
GRIMACED IN PAIN AND
KNOWINGNESS
HIS TEETH IN A SNARL
AND HIS FACE STILL WITH
GRACE
EVEN AFTER THE HOUR OF
HIS DEATH.

IT IS IN TO HAVE A POSTER
OF HIM ON
YOUR WALL
FOR ALL TO SEE,
RIGHT ALONG SIDE THE
PICTURE
OF THE BLACK PANTHER.

HE DIDN'T WEAR A
SCARLET ROBE OR
QUOTE THE BIBLE, BUT
HE MADE HIS OWN
PRECEPTS, AND
THEY ARE ALIVE AND ARE
STILL LIVING TODAY.

HE WAS A REVOLUTIONARY
BAR NONE,
ANOTHER JESUS, ANOTHER
MAN TO BE REVERED
A SYMBOL OF THE TIMES, A
BRILLIANT IDEA.

A SMOOTH STONE

A SMOOTH PETAL
IS
A SMOOTH STONE
HELD
GENTLY
IN MY HAND
AS
I LISTEN TO THE
WAVES ROAR
AND
LIFE SEEMS TO
STAND STILL
AS
THIS SMOOTH STONE
BECOMES
A FLOWER
WHOSE FRAGRANCE MESMERIZES
ME
IN IT'S
SPELL

RON SAAB



my days of fleeting forms
 are full
 not strewn
 poised hulks

 moonscape forests
 of those virginia fine
 cut but
 crosset

 from fin fog lites
 pierce and
 on mane padme hum
 nights
 of wishing
 not to wish
 of ideas

 blown
 out tubes
 pulsing colour across the mess hall

 shimmer
 no trace
 to betray wonder
 in other's I

 look at your plate
 sculpture in potato and
 kernel korn
 pepper speckled
 sentinels
 in milglass
 disguised
 through other glass,
 rats eat bread
 left for the birds



ANONYMOUS

CITY NIGHTS

What is there in these city nights?
 Streets of steeled cages, abrasive blocks of concrete,
 Distant traffic-----an insect unseen, hums-----
 Sirens wail of pain and death and
 Here I stand,
 In this confining orb of bald light
 in an old grey movie
 with murder on my mind

What is there in these city nights?

These empty city nights
 Hold only still shadows
 And endless city streets
 There is not one river to be seen.

Between the squash---
 Butternut and acorn,
 He spoke of the perils
 "Perishable, you know,
 This business we're in."

Outside a sole window
 High on the warehouse wall
 Snow fell in slumbering stealth.

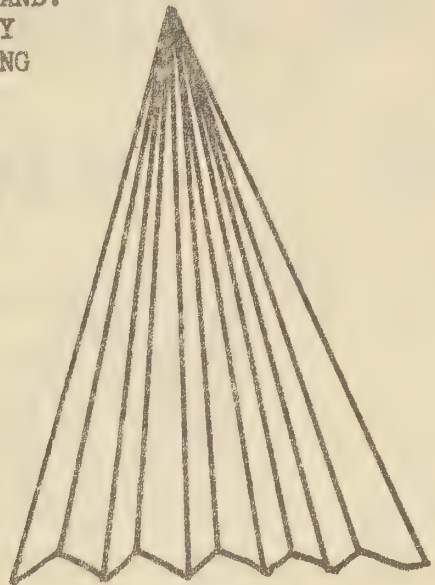
JOHN SCHUTTE

BOAT OF SILVER LIGHT

SAILING THE BOAT OF SILVER LIGHT,
THE MOON-BEAUTY IS FAST APPROACHING
THE SKY IS VIERATING WITH SWEET AND
MELODIOUS SONGS.THE BIRDS ARE FLYING
BEYOND THE HORIZON TO AN UNKNOWN LAND.
ALL MY HOPES ARE FLYING WITHOUT ANY
DESTINATION.SLOWLY MY LIFE'S EVENING
SETS IN.

SRI CHINMOY

i've sometimes wandered
during moments of drug
influenced thought
while lying prone on
some far away mound
watching beams of sun
light cut through between
gaps left in the clouds
to create shadows and
creases that weren't there
a moment ago and i visited
or was visited by the farthest
reaches of the universe
where even the god that we
have created lives not
and i was shattered and
left cowering in confusion
and fear while lying prone on
some far away mound
watching beams of sun
light cut through



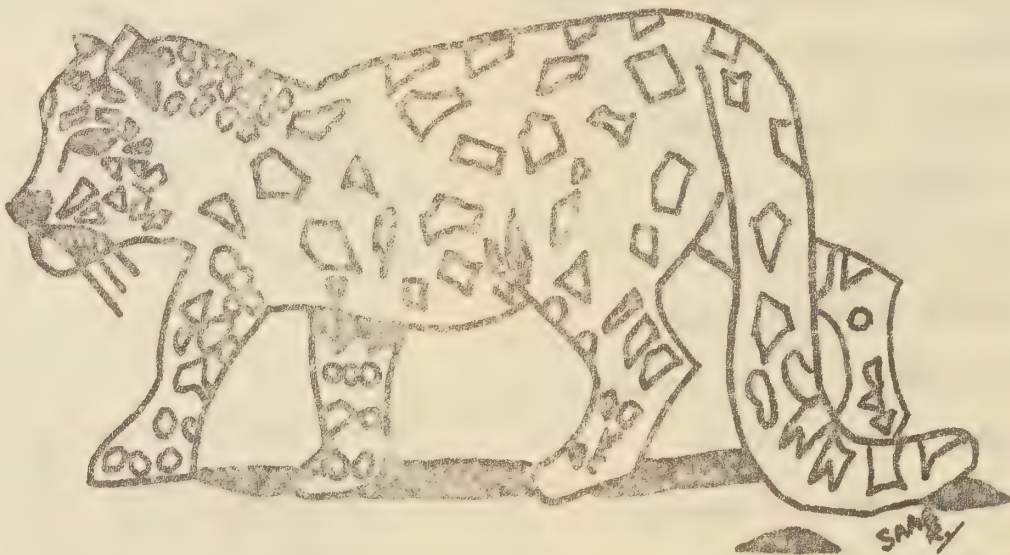
BOB BACKEN

SRI CHINMOY

SRI CHINMOY WAS BORN IN BENGAL, INDIA,
IN 1931. HE SPENT TWENTY YEARS AFTER THE AGE
THE AGE OF TWELVE PRACTISING MEDITATION.
HE GAVE THE COMMUNICATOR PERMISSION TO
PUBLISH HIS POEMS THAT YOU WILL NOW HAVE
THE PLEASURE OF READING.

O MY POEM

O MY POEM, YOU ARE THE LOTUS
OF MY HEART.
YOU BRING INTO MY HEART
NECTAR-LIGHT FROM HEAVEN.
WHEN MY LIFE FLOWS
WITH THE RIVER OF SORROW WITH ITS
COUNTLESS WAVES,
MAY YOUR MAGIC TOUCH
HIDE ME IN THE WATERS OF LIBERATION-SEA.



ALAS, THEN WHY?

BY WHOSE TOUCH DOES THE LILY SMILE
AND OPEN ITS BEAUTY-BUD?
WHOSE MOONLIT BEAUTY
DO I SEE IN THE LILY?
WHO IS THE EYE OF MY EYE;
WHO IS THE HEART OF MY HEART?
ALAS, THEN WHY DO I NOT SEE HIM,
HIS FACE OF TRANSCENDENTAL BEAUTY,
EVEN IN MY DREAMS?

Cette musique là

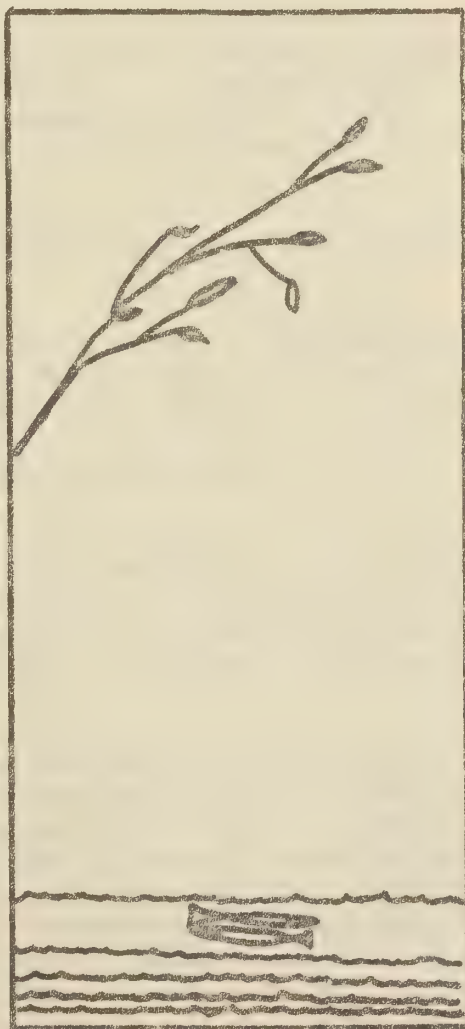
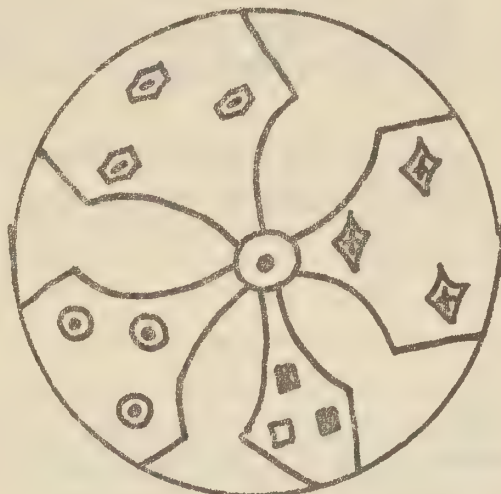
Comme un nuage elle descendait
Cette douce musique là
Doucement elle me pénétrait
Au plus profond de mon être
Comme un amant fidèle
Qui cherche un appui...

#

Tant ému je savourais en silence
Cette douce musique là
J'aurais aimé arrêter le temps
Et je buvais par petite gorgées
Ce que je sentais frémir en moi
Par cette douce musique là...

#

Mais déjà elle s'éloignait doucement
Très tendrement mais puissamment
C'était mon plus beau mystère
Que personne ne pouvait deviner
Comme j'aimais cette douce musique là...



La Prison

La prison est un calme
Dehors la vie continue
Pour toi c'est bien fini
Il n'y a plus d'espoir
Car un Juge t'a condamné
À vingt ans de pénitencier
Tu es seul et tu pleure
Ton désespoir...

#

Ton heure est arrivée
Les gardiens viennent te chercher
Tu regardes autour de toi
Une dernière fois
Tu sens que c'est la fin
Tu ne peux plus te cacher
Au chatiment qui attend
Un gars comme toi...

Gérald Desrosiers

POYLS OF WISDOM

by Parahamster Dönüt and
The Sorcerer's Apprentice, Dindon



Bonjour, Pepsis The mists of Spring have dispersed and we are in the throes of an intermittent parboil/sunstroke syndrome. For all intentions and purposes, it serves to keep the younger bojwolbars out of the sun where they intercept a profuse spectrum of Kosmik rays, so damaging to their quest for Noxema, the Poyl of the future, humble lickspittles of the scumbag universe.

Another new duty befallen us this season is the attendance of the incarnation ritual of many-winged hosts. Those 'terminated little "buggers"', as they seem to like being called, rush headlong into the hands of fate immediately after birth to avoid the multitude of sufferings heaped so unmercifully upon the inhabitants of the earth. Apparently they prefer to wait in the wings of rebirth, breathlessly before the puff of creation.

The Timeless Quality of Life in this existential paradox remains unchanged despite the manifold fluctuations in the influences of the spheres. Our lesson for today will deal with these fluctuating manifolds. We all know of the complications that go with a wildly fluctuating manifold, I guess. At least you should, you pack of uncarberated Jackals. Sheesh.

Well now, what was I discussing? Come on Dindon, you were listening, weren't you?

I was not snivelling. Boy oh Boy, this snotty Dindon is really getting to be a pain in the Lotus, ever since his trivial trip to the Cape Breton Zoo was seen fit for print in this insufferable journal of mediocrity. Bloody well hard up, what?

Did I ever tell you about the time, just before my canonization as the Para-hamster of this humble flesh pot?

I was a young man, very fond of swilling the local brew thru my glassbottomed pewter stein, and my usual passtime involved the emptying of this stein of cold beer and leaving a foamy residue on the sides and bottom. This routine with the light foam constantly reminded me of a blustery day by the sea, with wind tossed foam in flight from crest to crest.

To gaze at the world thru this shifting prismatic glass seemed the greatest secret a man could ever possess. One very normal day at about half-past two, and after I'd consumed over a dozen stein-misting cold ones, I noticed a strange elderly gentleman enter the tavern and install himself in the darkest corner of the already dim establishment. Aye Aye him thru my next few beers, and saw that from the shadows lurking in the corner, he wore a deep hood which entirely concealed his face that is except for two of the glowingest eyes ever to reflect light. Their colour closest resembled turquoise, so that the entire effect was like some unworldly creep from the shadows of Tolkien's Mordor, of a shrouded ghoul from the graveyard of an H.P. Lovecraft in search of his unknown Kadath.

Being an unusually sociable sort, I considered moving over to get a closer look, but before I could get roused, I looked up to see that he had vanished. Disheartened, I slumped in my chair, pouting over another lost opportunity. (I had fancy that I might meet some mysterious being who could be seduced to invite an inexperienced but courageous adventurer along on some dark and profoundly educational expedition)

Anyhow, I was pouting when I felt a smooth silent brushing on the back of my chair, and turned to see the hooded stranger head toward his corner table with a wet new quart. Instantly I shot him the thought, "Hey, sit over here.", and to my complete surprise, he slowly stopped and turned with the grace and fluidity of a Walt Disney Swan. When he lifted his head to face me, the cold gems were scratched cross the blackboard of my spine.

My shocked trance was broken by a whispering voice somewhere in my brain I'd never been before. "My name is Panchadasi, and I go where summoned by the spirit of Poyl Magnetism. How may I assist you?"

Oddly enough, I had sufficient sense to be frightened, but only for a second or so, because with the first flurry of panic, a cold wave burst over and through me and it was no longer possible to fear, or even to feel anything at all. I also realized that I need not explain my dreams and hopes to the Ghoul's phantasy, he, by some trick of his, had me as fully in his power as a snake holds a mouse before that swift, fatal gulp.

With my strangely retarded fear mechanism now no longer a novelty, I had the strange impulse to share with the hooded wierdo my private view of the world through the bottom of my glass-bottomed beer stein. After it had been emptied for the umteenth time, I placed my arm around his shoulders and swung the beer stein up so he could gaze into the world of my dreams.

After I awoke in the Intensive Care Unit of Upper Lower Middle Musquodoboit Harbour, I listened to the nurse telling a group of students about my multiple contusions and abrasions, and how I was a wonder to modern science, having survived a horrible wound to the uppermost part of my anatomy, specifically my forehead. It seems that my sudden flight thru the plate glass window(s) of the Beluga Tavern was abruptly ended when I collided with a truck full of 2" pipe, bound for a moonshine factory on Sable Island.

It seems to me that the intrusion of the pipe into my cranial cavity somehow, unleashed a torrent of profound thoughts, which came tumbling out of my mouth every time someone approached.

Next month I shall continue my narrative on the awakening of a self-taught master of the Karavel Ashram. For now we shall pick up the Illustrious Dindon, Where we left him last month, clutching a burning hot package, given to him by the sorceress of Springhill Junction, a very powerful and mysterious creature.

"After my adventure with the old woman, I sat quietly in my seat, reflecting on the possibilities the future held for me. Toying with the mysterious tinfoil-wrapped package the beast had flung at me through a solid window, which had by some miracle remained unbroken, I realized that I was afraid to open it, rolling it in my fingers, not even daring to venture a guess as to the contents.

Knowing that no peace would be mine until the unknown was known, I chose one small end of the crumpled ball, and began unravelling, almost absent mindedly as the miles rolled by. I had visions of some complex mandala, or some powerful stone, in which many powers and spells had dwelt undisturbed for centuries. You can imagine my puzzled expression when, as the last layer of tinfoil fell away, I discovered a large key, as might fit a locker in a bus station, or airport. The number 43 was clearly engraved on the side, but there was no indication of where this container might be found. Not wishing to throw the key away, I strung it on my silver chain, along with other mementos of cherished experiences.

The train was pulling into the Truro yard as I finally looked without myself, my meditation disturbed by the bumping of cars and the smell of diesel fuel shimmering in the heat. I decided against getting off the train during the short stop, in view of my remarkable talent for getting into incredible situations; and I had no desire to remain in Truro waiting for the next passage south.

Most of the passengers got off, and sought cold refreshments, stretching legs and filling lungs, making the short trip to the provincial store, attempting to beat the unreasonable prices of the bar car. In my car, only a young and very beautiful woman remained, absorbed in her reading. She sat across the aisle about three seats forward, giving me a beautiful silhouette of her soft glowing countenance. I was lost in her topography when I realized that she had turned to face me and had spoken some musical phrase, too beautiful for my ears to decipher into words, meanings, and concepts. I continued my uninterrupted gazing, as I watched her looks puzzle, with a delicate arch to her black brows, and then to a more serious, piercing look. She

grew larger, as if under the influence of a zoom lens, without apparent motion, and her features filled my vision, a fragrant odour not unlike jasmine tickled my nose, and as her lips moved, more musical sounds escaped, completely filling my consciousness.

She turned her beautiful back to face me, and undulated to the end of the car where the conductor generally stationed himself, living some phantasy in a L'Amour western. She turned and pointed to me, I could see the red face of the conductor as he looked over her shoulder in my general direction. A frown formed on his already wrinkled and sour expression, and he put on his most official attitude, waddling in his haste to cross the expanse of space between us.

I attempted to fasten my attention on the puffing and arm-waving soul before me, but the woman who stood expectantly at the end of the car kept filling my mind, and I had no time for the uniformed fool who was doing his damndest to distract me.

With all the experience of many years in dealing with puffed up fools, I swivelled my eyes around several times, and stuck out my tongue. At the same time I release the greatest amount of gas I could muster, hoping that the dinner of several hours ago had properly percolated. His retreating waddle told me that the affront had had the desired effect, so I settled back to watch the returning passengers, regaining their seats for the journey to the south.

PROFUNDITY OF DA MUNT

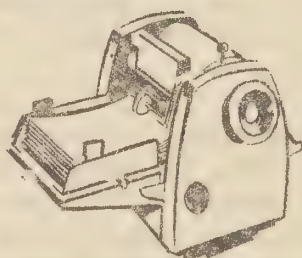
.....all personnel to the looping platform.....

Gestetner

Sales and Service

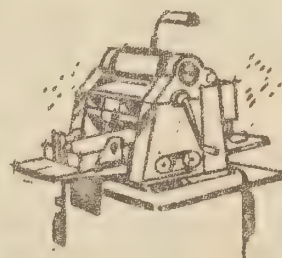
SUPPLIERS OF FINE
DUPLICATING AND
OFFSET EQUIPMENT

COMPLETE RANGE
OF COLOURS IN
STENCIL & OFFSET
DUPLICATING PAPER
AND COVER STOCK



-Coast to Coast-

Gestetner



AA



MEDICINE



Facts & Experiences of AA by Bob R.

During my time as an AA member I have often wondered about the facts which eventually add up to make a person (any person) an alcoholic. I finally decided to investigate and the end result is that now I fully understand the alcoholic. Some of my own experiences and also the facts I have gathered will be what I wish to share with you so that you too will be able to understand the alcoholic.

Alcoholics Anonymous was founded upon the principle that the only way to stay sober was to help others stay sober. It was 1934 in a private hospital for alcoholics where the tireless, kindly Dr. Silkworth met one of his patients, Bill W. With alcohol oozing out of his pores, wrestling with himself in sweat drenched bed sheets, Bill W. later explained the experience in his private journals.

The recent controversy over alcohol, alcohol in industry, alcohol in school, alcohol in the office, is another token gesture in the direction of national welfare. Of the alcoholics in Canada, fifty percent hold steady jobs. The government cannot afford to lose the economic assistance this 4% of the population provide. The first item to be taxed in a financial crisis is liquor.

Alcohol presents itself as a three

way affliction to the drinker. After the tolerance for alcohol breaks in the body and a dependency sets in, a biochemical addiction occurs. The body cannot metabolize properly without alcohol. The body chemistry is conditioned to metabolize properly with alcohol, spasms, convulsions, deliriums, and a withdrawal from any sort of energy output occurs. Also a need to stay with the booze keeps the drinker going.

My experience was that I found the world and the people in it to be hostile, I was convinced there was no exit and I condemned those that suggested otherwise. I would say "I know I am an alcoholic, you don't, and therefor you are stupid."

The only public hospital in Canada today designed for the treatment of alcoholism is the Donwood Institute in Toronto. It has proven to be successful with a recovery rate of 70%.

I have seen many alcoholics in the past three years and the question came to mind, Why so many? Well, after investigating for some time I have found my answer. Research findings state that one out of every twenty-five Canadians is an alcoholic. Knowing this, I am continuing my investigation by attending AA meetings, taking an active part and hopefully helping those who still suffer.

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READ ALL ABOUT IT

by GREG SCOTT

For those of you not involved in the corrections process, I've decided to list all the joint papers that we get in the mail. To us, these papers provide a link with fellow prisoners across the country, somehow more informative than the rumours that float about. Hopefully any papers we leave out will find out, and remedy the situation.

AVATAR

Collins Bay, Kingston, Ontario
31 pages, editor-Douglas Faulds
Contents;

Editorials	Your Turn
Profile (interview)	Poetry
A Long Way Home	Sports

SLAMMER

Drumheller, Alberta
48 pages, editors-Warren McKay & Cecil Burnett
Contents;

Editorial	Reflections - Vidal
Royal Oaks	What the Hell
Time to Grow Up	St. Leonards Soc.
Christmas - Hesse	By Way of Exposition
Thoughts of a Man	Heinlein Quotes
Eleven Commandments	Report on Millhaven
Time Passes - CP	Federal Florence
Tit for Tat	Nightengale
Prison Violence	Parole Communication
Writing	Crossword
Realizations	Grade 9 Exam
Who Owns The Zebra	Poetry Prison
How to Live in a Federal Institution	
Production Report	Winter Mask
Man Without a Sense	John Howard Society
Inflation Magnified	Group Seeks Release

OFF THE WALL

Prince Albert, Saskatchewan
36 pages, editor-Bill Haas
Contents;

One of a Kind	Wait Until Dark
Athlete's Foot	May Day
Burning Desire	People Who Hate
Absolute Zero	Logical
Up in Canada	Witches Sabbath
Go to Jail	The Purge Begins
The Man	Assembly
Bankrupt Man	Sound and Fury
Committee Reports	Joint Statistics
The Lonely Guy	Dead Beaver Special
Poems	Horror Scope

ADVANCE

Joyceville, Kingston, Ontario
48 pages, editor-Nicholas Padula
Contents;

Editorials	Socializing & Visits
St. Patrick	Letters
Reprints	Poetry
Cartoons	Religious
AA's	Sports

TARPAPER

Matsqui, Abbotsford, British Columbia
12 pages, editor-Jack McGrath
Contents;

Editorial	Cartoons
Poetry	A Willing Whore
Reprints	Advice Column

TIGHTWIRE

Prison For Women, Kingston, Ontario
44 pages, editor-Nancy Ward Amour
Contents;

Solicitor General Out of Touch With PhW	
Poetry	Pleasure of Diet
Tightwire Guide to International Joints	
Junk Food Junkies	Book Review
Satire	Astrology
Fiction	Reprints

OUTLOOK

Warkworth, Campbellford, Ontario
34 pages, editors-Joe Badalante, Russel Newman, Mike MacDonald
Contents;

Welcome to Warkworth	
Inefficiency of Government	
Occupational Development	
Peace and Security	Halfway Houses
Poetry	Cartoons
Letters	Humour
Bill S-19	Reprint
Community Information Services	
Wages for Inmates	Puzzle
Sports	News on Civil Lib.

TERMINATOR

Stoney Mountain, Manitoba
26 pages, editor-John Ezabo
Editorial

Life Skills	
Toastmasters Int'l	
Sports	
A Touch of Introspection	
Women in Prison	Entertainment
Hidden Urges	Cartoons

✓
JOINT ENDEAVOUR
Texas Dept. Of Corrections, Huntsville,
Texas 77340
48 pages, editor-Fred N. Watts
Contents;

Editorial Debtors in Prison
Huntsville's Meet 'N' Greet People
Social Insurance Biofeedback Therapy
Singapore, Prisons and Criminal Justice
Introducing the Bridge
AA Report New Directions
Contribution to Failure
What Employers Are Looking For
Services to Expectant Mothers
Crime Confession Law
Seagoville FCI Prison Art Festival
A Boost For Alex Baker Cartoons

TRANSITION H
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
Editor-Arthur Montague
Contents;

Letters Notes & Clutter
William Outerbridge on Criminal Justice
Hacksaw Criminally Speaking

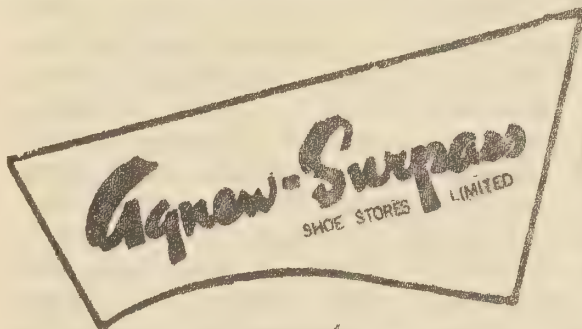
Millhaven as Paradise
Organizing a Prisoner's Trade Union
Your Old Lady's Doing Your Time
Memoirs of Slow George

✓ SOUTHERN BREEZE
Regina, Saskatchewan
19 pages
Contents;

Letters Sports
NPS (Native Project-Saskatchewan)
AA Funny Pages
Saturday Afternoon Discussion Group
Correctional System Prepares Offenders
For Better Crime
The Saskatchewan Freedom Group Society

✓ THE JOINT ISSUE
Lower Sackville, Halifax County, N.S.
32 pages, editor-Mike Attridge
Contents;

Editorial Letters to Louis
Concern Poetry
Alcoholism and the Offender
Rehabilitation: What's It All About
Inmate Of The Month



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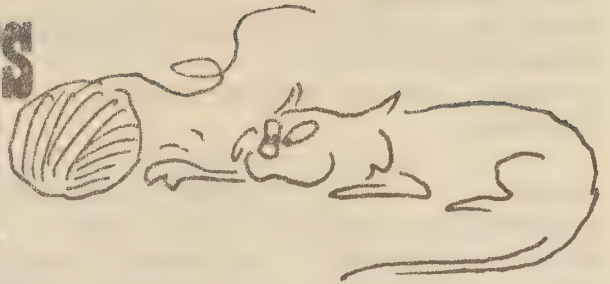
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The Arts & Crafts News



Pierre Goguen: Hobby Man

After long awaiting and many expectations, we are blessed again with a hobby officer, as Pierre is commonly referred to, but who would rather be called a 'resource person.' The old hobby shop in the gym will come to life again and project work will pick up as the supplies roll in. The plans are to turn the old shop into a studio with the atmosphere for creating in the middle of this prison.

Pierre is working here under an agreement with Memramcook Institute; it starts off with a one year contract and may possibly go on for three years if it all works out. A graduate in Fine Arts from Universite de Moncton, 'for what it's worth,' as he says, he has since worked with the National Film Board on animated films (cartoons) and various restoration projects for national museums, not to mention periods of employment by the Unemployment Insurance Commission. He is skilled in leatherwork and print making, with a special interest in graphic design and its use in any project or hobby.

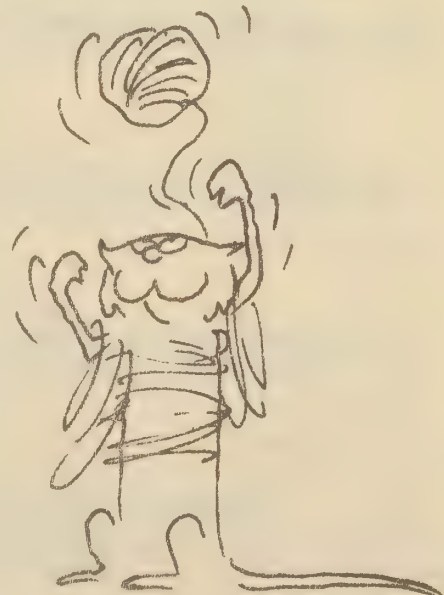
His ideas on operation of the studio rely heavily on inmate participation and input. The people who will be working there, the hobbyists, shall be directly involved in the decision making of setting up and running the place, and sharing the responsibilities as a result. If one particular hobby needs more space the subject will get tossed around til an agreement is reached and the changes are made. This sort of free form operation of the hobby shop could go a long ways towards stimulating people to create if only cooperation comes from all those who wish to take part.

Pierre has referred to himself as a resource person, a handle not often used inside these walls. He brings with him a broad knowledge of a few of the hobby crafts which are particularly popular in here, but more important are the many contacts he has on the street with people who can share their knowledge with us. Hopefully key people who know their trade well will come in to conduct courses in such fields as ceramics. Along with a course in design which Pierre hopes to get under way in the fall, this should develop talent which has been hibernating in here due to lack of opportunities.

I took a walk over to the auditorium the other day to check out the 'studio', as I'd heard that activity was finally starting. When the first sight greeted my eyes, it cried out, "What a mess!" Pierre and his elves, Gorde and Tom were busy sorting out all the tools and putting them in their proper place, then going through all the materials and storing them away. A constant flow of discoveries issued forth as they dug deeper into the pile of items on each work bench and scattered about on countless shelves. In some ways it was like an archaeological dig, looking back over time at the relics of a past civilization, searching for an explanation of the strange ways of a forgotten people.

The tempo was quickly changed from viewing the past to looking into the future. While drinking a coffee, Pierre mused upon his ideas for the studio. Along one wall a row of lockers, a sink in the corner, wood working equipment there, but how keep fingers out of the blades. I would not like to venture a guess as to how long it will take the joint to fulfill his dreams, but when the day comes, the best set up we've ever had for working on hobby crafts will be right here in the auditorium.

There are many other ideas which are bouncing around in Pierre's mind towards developing the hobby department, such as a slide bank of works done here and on the street, liaison with co-ops on the street, and much, much more. If any or all of this sounds interesting to you, look him up sometime.



More Arts: Leather and Suede - and How to Buy

One of the most pleasant surprises in store for the new leather buyer is the wide variety of suedes and leathers available. Each type is suited to a range of uses, according to its unique characteristics. Choosing the right one for the job is easy, once you know what to look for.

The names of leathers themselves are fairly descriptive. The suffixes, hide and skin, tell the relative size of the animal; hides from large animals such as in cowhide and steerhide, skins are from smaller animals such as calf-skin or sheepskin. A kip is a small hide. The hair or outer side of the skin is called the grain side and the inner, the flesh side.

Leather is tanned and finished so that the grain side has a smooth rich surface. A brief description of the most common types of leather follows:

CALFSKIN—very fine grain, from the skins of young cows; comes in all colors and natural tan

COWHIDE—thick, strong, smooth finish; natural tan and a few shades

DOESKIN—fine and light, usually lamb or sheep skin; many colors; washable

ELKHIDE—heavy, now made from cowhide made to look like elk; natural tan and brown

KIDSKIN—many finishes, made of goat-skin; all colors

LAMBSKIN—often embossed with the grain of another animal such as ostrich or alligator or with a pattern that looks like tooled leather; some colors, usually brown or black

MOROCCO—fine, lovely finish, made of goatskin; thin but long wearing; it comes in a limited number of colors and is especially known for its rich red hue

PIGSKIN—tough and durable with interesting grain; some colors; comparatively inexpensive

SHEEPSKIN—called Cabretta, smooth and pliant, from the haired sheep (wooly

sheep do not produce leather); all colors

SKIVER—thin, split skins of calf, sow or sheep; some colors; mainly used for linings

STEERHIDE—heavy and strong, crinkle grain finish; natural tan and some reds and browns, sometimes comes in two or three tone hides

Suede is made by roughening and buffing the flesh side of selected skins to create its nap or pile finish. The process was first developed in Sweden and named Suede, or Swedish, by the French. Today many animal skins are sueded, the most popular being described below:

ANTELOPE—very fine, lightweight, lovely texture; many colors; expensive and sometimes hard to find

BUCKSKIN—strong, soft and durable, made of sheep or calfskin now, originally buck or deerskin; some colors, usually white, beige, yellow and red; water resistant

CHAMOIS—lightweight, strong, made of split sheep or calfskin; characteristic soft yellow color; washable and well known for its cleaning abilities, gaining popularity for use in clothing

LAMBSKIN—called Garment Suede, the most easily available suede; comes in all colors, even tie-dyed

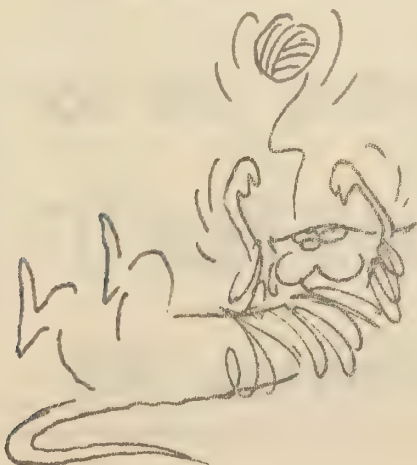
SHEEPSKIN—similar texture and appearance of lambskin; many colors

SPLIT COWHIDE—sometimes called Garment Split, strong, versatile, and fast growing in popularity; available in many different weights and colors

SUEDED PIGSKIN—buffed on the grain side maintaining its interesting turf like grain; some colors; can be difficult to find.

In choosing leather or suede for a project, careful consideration of the most suitable type is the basic step.

The use of exotic animal and reptile skins, once in plentiful supply, is undesirable because of the threat of extinction that endangers their original owners. Alligator, crocodile, lizard and ostrich skins, to name a few, have become increasingly rare. Excellent copies of these distinctive grains have been embossed on various leathers with good results. These skins are available at lesser cost to both the leathercrafter and the environment, and should serve equally well for any project that calls for an exotic skin.



Some snakeskins, notably Cobra and Python, come from snakes raised on farms specifically for this purpose and are in easy supply. Cobra is dyed many colors, particularly blues, greens, reds and browns.. Python retains its lovely natural black or brown and white pattern. Both skins are thin but strong, and usually from 4 to 6 inches wide and 18 to 36 inches long. Although fairly expensive, snakeskins are great for small items or decorative application to larger leather or suede projects.

Now that you've chosen the kind of leather, suede or other skin you're looking for, you should know how to look at it.

Leather is sold by the skin, half skin or quarter skin. The price is calculated by the number of square feet in each skin. The skins are marked on the wrong side in quarter feet, with the numbers 1, 2 and 3 standing for, respectively 1/4, 1/2 and 3/4 of a foot. For example, a skin marked 6³ would be 6 and 3/4 feet square. Sometimes leather is sold precut by the foot, like fabric, but this is probably the most expensive way to buy it. Since you can always save unused pieces, buying by the skin is more economical in the long run.

Skins should be thoroughly checked for weaknesses, marks and tears. All skins have a couple of minor defects, but if there are too many, those parts of the skin will be useless. Stains and imperfections cannot be removed, so be sure to look at what you're getting. Often, slightly damaged skins will be grouped together for sale at a lower price. These can be worth checking out, as they may contain enough usable leather to make them a real bargain.

Another thing to remember when buying a specific amount is that the edges and leg areas of the skin aren't the best quality, but can be used for linings and places that don't show. While buying a hide, estimate the best part as being around one foot smaller, for a skin one half foot smaller, than the total square footage.

When purchasing several skins for several projects or larger items, ask about the quantity price before hand. Most stores will give discounts that increase with the number of skins purchased. These savings customarily apply to leathers of the same kind, but can include different colors.

Bundles of odd pieces of leather are sold by the pound. Unfortunately, some packages have large pieces and others have only small scraps that aren't very useful. If there's an opportunity

to examine one of these bundles before getting it, it may be a real buy, with pieces large enough to use for many articles.

Currently popular are kits of pre-cut leather containing everything needed to assemble various projects. The convenience is perhaps outweighed by the expense, considering the actual amount of leather you get. Besides, it's really much more exciting to choose your own patterns and leathers with the knowledge that the finished product will be an original.

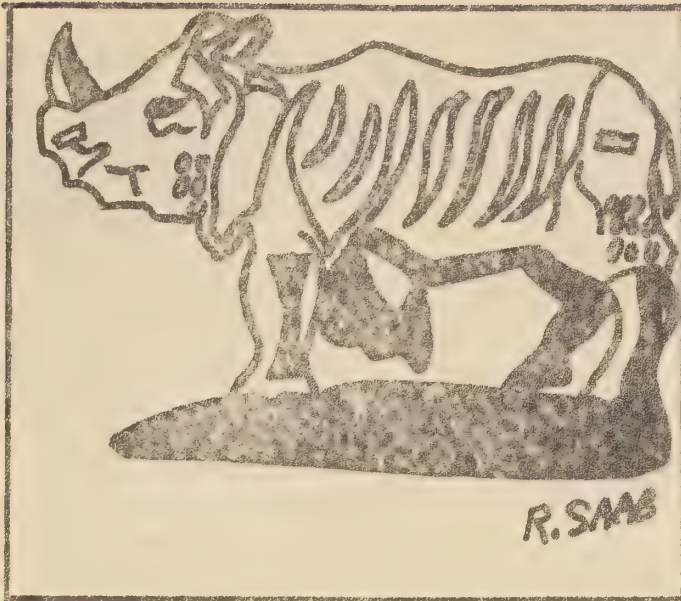
Unused leather can be stored indefinitely with proper care. It should never be folded, as the creases along the fold will not come out. Ideally, leather should be laid out flat or draped over a padded surface. If space doesn't permit, it can be loosely rolled with the grain side out. Warning-if the grain side is rolled inward, it will wrinkle and the resulting lines can't be removed. Leather should also be kept in a dark place, since it fades if exposed to a bright light for a long time.

Finding a store that sells leather becomes easier all the time, as more and more people discover the joy of creative leatherwork. Look in the classified telephone book under Leather-Retail or Arts and Crafts Supplies. There are also many mail order companies that sell everything one could want. Their catalogues illustrate and describe the leathers and equipment available and help take the guesswork out of ordering by mail. One word of caution-the bundles of leather mentioned are best not ordered by mail unless described as containing a specified number of large pieces.



Finding jobs for
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METAMORPHOSIS REVISITED

by SHAKIE VERNER

When I left you last issue, me and my brothers-of-eight were awaiting the return of the ruler of our beloved living unit. Alas! He has returned and as we all know he wasn't very pleased with what had become of his kingdom.

In seeing the condition of the unit, the king decided a unit meeting was the cure. At this meeting he kindly informed us that we must rid ourselves of all 'pipes, shanks, muscling, brews, and drugs' in order for him to turn down the 'heat wave' that was set upon us. After this he asked what we thought the unit problem was. Now this is a multi-answer question, and being so, led to utter confusion on both sides, which in turn led to nothing being solved.

Anyways, we were given a chance to clean up the unit and we were told that in return the guards would ease off. The boys blew that chance on Easter Sunday. Easter came with a four day, restless, long weekend. Now, when boys are restless they tend to play, so play they did.

After all that, things went swell for another week and then "POOF"!! Everything went up in smoke. Well, not everything, just one cell on F-range. This brought us once again to the short range for a meeting with the King and his Court.

This meeting contained some pretty open discussion, and due to that a lot of changes have been made. The main thing asked for by both sides is that we meet half way and work out our problems; by the inmates using their brains and not their pipes and by the staff using their ears and not their mouths. It seems we have made the unit a little better place for living.

Many new proposals were submitted to the staff and many of these were approved. Such things as group TA's to the Miner's Museum in Springhill, softball group TA's, a unit raffle with a prize of \$25 worth of canteen goodies, and monthly tournaments. Individually they aren't really very much, but it is a good start and is well appreciated by some inmates.

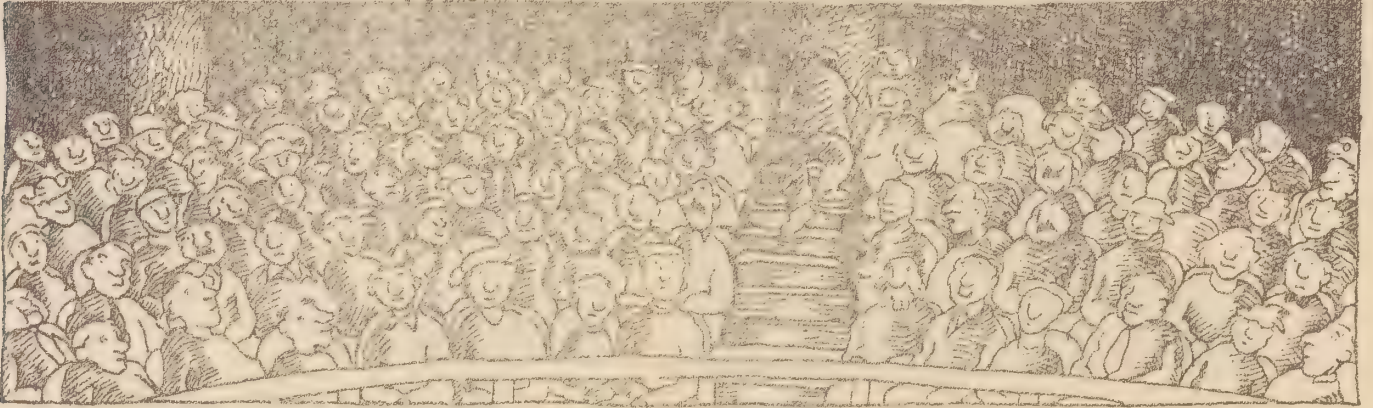
In the all and all our unit is once again a home and not a concentration camp. The King and his Court have eased off and the inmates are trying to keep it that way.

On the nicer side of life things are going pretty well. We lost a brother that everyone will surely remember. Tom finally made it through the gate, no more shall he dance down the corridors in his happy-go-lucky way. The change over here in the unit has been enormous, alot of new faces along with one or two old ones. But why should one mention Malcolm or Rick?

We held an election for our representatives to the Inmate Committee. The new reps are Gene Kierstaed and Steve Farmer. They have done a tremendous job so far and hopefully will continue to do so.

I will leave you now, in order that I may take a stroll about and spy upon the King and his Court. One never knows what information one can pick up in such a medieval type of village. Stay tuned for next issue when Unit 8 presents the ever so popular story "Raindrops Are Falling On My Bed."

SPORTS MADNESS by JOHN PAUL



It may be of some interest to you people of New Brunswick that there's a chance of a dry period scheduled for the 28th of July. Apparently these guys working in the liquor stores aren't getting paid enough so now they're gonna take their grudge out on (we) New Brunswickers. I had a pass application filled out for that area, but it seems that there's little chance to have a taste of the firewater after such a dry season on milk and crackers. Maybe I'll pull the papers and submit one for Nova Scotia. Who knows what the outcome could be. I think I'll wait, though, until there is a certainty on the strike. There's still the old moon-shine to brighten up the spirits.

It seems as time is passing quickly (hopefully for everyone). The field day is around the bend and it was just yesterday the Sports Banquet honoured us basketball winners. Hopefully we will have equal good luck and good competition for field day.

I see Wayne Toney out more often, getting his act together to display his ability to run. He's a stiff competitor in his field, so we hope to have him in the points. Shane Green seems to be on the ball with the horseshoes, as he so gladly demonstrated to myself and a few others recently. The other events seem to be up for grabs.

What about the hermits? There's always competition hiding in the units. On the vital day, out of the closet come the athletes. Hopefully our unit will have its share.

We have had the privilege of seeing a good performance from some chess players in this unit. We held a small tournament among several people and had a good turnout. Hopefully in the future we will be able to hold a tournament for the whole jail in the gym. The auditorium still has to be booked, and a prize for the winner picked out, but keep your eyes open for a notice in the unit.

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Too Many Umps & Not Enough Players

by the pen of number 10

PAUL ROY

As those lazy hazy days of summer roll on by us, the inmates of Number Ten have taken on a carefree attitude. I suppose the heat gets to everyone and the result is; lying around enjoying the good weather for a change.

The "A" softball team has fallen completely apart since the last report in which we had the opportunity to celebrate Number Ten's winning of the Softball Tournament. Although in the past month or so, we have found it difficult to even field a team, let alone win some games. Recently we put together a team headed by P. Roy and C. Raiche to participate in the softball playoffs scheduled to start on August 8th.

The "B" team managed by T. Goodwin is also involved in the playoffs. It's hard to tell who come first in the "B" League because apparently the statistician in charge failed to turn in the results. But, as in the "A" League, all four teams will participate in the playoffs.

The majority of inmates as usual are content with sitting around, lapping up the sun and indulging in the finer things of life. The boys who aren't into this can be found either in the old weight pit, or jogging around the track.

A few inmates who enjoy the convenience of the handball court, spend most of their time slapping away at the little black ball.

The annual field day seems fast approaching and I suspect a few inmates are interested in winning a few of the events, so naturally they are working away at their respective sports.

Elections in the unit brought D. Clarke and P. Roy to the discussion committee and a couple of days later, P. Roy and P. McGee were nominated for the Inmate Committee. R. LaPierre and B. Reid were elected as sports reps for the unit so we have a full compliment.

At a recent meeting R. MacInnis made a proposal to start digging for T.A.'s to visit the Miner's Museum in Springhill, the golf course, also in Springhill, and possibly fishing T.A.'s.

At the end of August or early September there will be a fifteen day parole to McNabbs Island near Halifax. Eight inmates from Number Ten will be involved in a survival course. It will include hiking, camping, and boating on a whaler.- This should prove very beneficial to the inmates involved. It's been proven to be a difficult fifteen days, not a pleasure trip, but rather a learning experience. Good luck boys, hope you all make out fine. So until next time, hang tight and enjoy the sun.



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NO 11: IT'S A MAD COW WORLD

by JOHN LEE ZARD



MELVYN WALKS

For the most part, summer has been rather uneventful in the thriving metropolis of #11 unit. That is, unless you are one of those avid followers of the sports scene. There are times when I grow envious of those competition crazed sports enthusiasts, who never grow tired or lose faith in their ability to beat hell out of the opposition. Keep it up guys, the strong representation is truly appreciated. With guys like Junior Marshall, Mike Patterson, Chris Boutilier, Ken Boutilier, Melvyn Maknoh and all the others involved, how can we not have the best overall sports participation of all the units.

But what about a guy like me, who would rather read a good book or listen to a fine musical score? We are totally left to our own devices. There is the music room, but you have very little chance of getting in there unless you are a friend of the already instated group, who hammer out the same beat time and time again, the only variation being in the volume it is sent out at. This is not meant to be taken as an outlash at our budding musicians, but rather to point out the fact that something truly useful is for all intents and purposes going to utter waste. Being a music lover myself, I feel that use of the music room to develop at least knowledge of music, its theories and practices sufficiently enough to train the talents into something tolerable.

Anyway, back on the home front, what to do? There is television, if you can stand the Rice Is White, The Sick Million Dollar Melvyn, The Bionic Broad, Starchy and Crotch, or even Barretta. If garbage vision is not your bag, here are a few things you might want to pick up on to

help fill your day:

1) The 'Watching The Crib Players Go In And Out Of The Office' game. This pastime is open to the inmates at a constant rate because the line of players never ends. A crib game can be watched any time of the day or night, being that there is a great demand for these contestants for the toady award. The only set back is that after an hour or two you've seen them all and then it's just like the TV reruns.

2) 'To Catch A Creep'. Out of all the people who pass in and out of the office daily, which one is the blabbermouth? Your job, find him. Rollicking fun, and a supreme test of skill and awareness. The results may startle even the most astute minds.

3) 'Deciphering Strange Calls From The Overlords'. How many times have you heard a loud noise only to find out a ½ hour later that you were called for a visit. By sitting near subcontrol and listening to the ominous grunts you too can learn to recognize what each sound means, and in this way have a better understanding of each individual officer in charge of the unit.

Of the three activities just mentioned, 'To Catch A Creep' would appear to be the one to be most careful of. After you know who the bigmouths are you may wish you'd never found out. Oh well, what can you do? I guess your time is yours to fill as you deem necessary. Whatever it is, do it well, with all your might and all your soul. But no matter what you do, just remember, the man is watching all the time. And if you're bad the ultimate goal is that far away land they call the hole.

Halifax

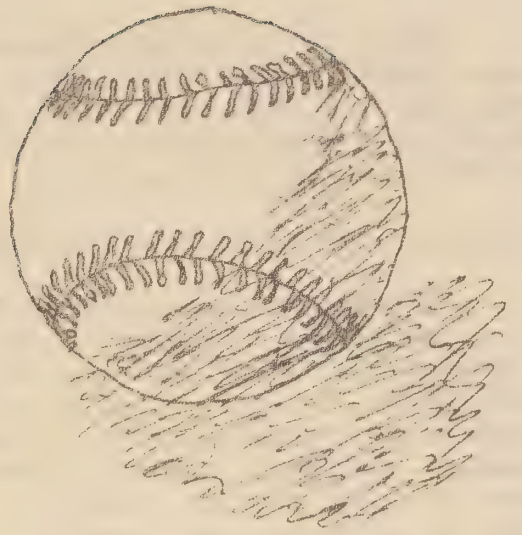
UNISON

Sydney

'Working with the female offender'

Sports Briefs

by Jacques Strappe



A LEAGUE

The ball season is on short time now, working its way towards a release, uh, playoff date of about August 15. At the time this went to print #9 was on top of the league, playing steady ball. They seem to be getting a lift from their new pitcher Pat Smith and catcher Jimmy DeYoung. Number 8, led by Melvyn Reddick, has the best pitching staff in the league. Unlike the other units, #8 is always able to field a good chucker. They've got strength in every position, but that seems to make them somewhat overconfident. Good team potential but hot and cold and go into short slumps which keeps them from doing better.

Junior Marshall is keeping #11 in the running; pitching good softball. He can be hit but the infield is real tight and getting the infield outs without any errors. Mike Patterson at shortstop is typical of the new breed of the fast #11 ball players: quick reflexes, good arm to first. Overall, #11 is a very good, consistent team.

Number 10. Now what can be said about #10 that hasn't been said before? Only that the therapy program isn't doing much for the ball team. It must be because they've released all the good players. As far as softball is concerned, #10 is in the hole. But there is still hope for T.C., they can be rehabilitated. Under the iron hands of managers Paul Roy and Claude Raiche, #10 is being whipped into shape. The outfield led by Mike McCabe is tight and pitchers Al McLeod and Tom Carter are both playing

well. All they need now to do is buy a plate Umpire or two and they may have a chance at the world championship! At least they won't get kicked out of the game for mouthing off at Baxter.

UMPIRES

In every athletic competition there are bound to be arguments over rules and interpretations of the rules. To cope with the problems and hopefully eliminate the possibility of the game becoming a brawl, somebody invented umpires. It soon became apparent that good, fair officials were a necessary part of any game. Springhill is fortunate to have been blessed with eight competent umpires for the summer softball season. Headed by Chief Ump Vince Bezanson, the A league includes Wayne McGrath, Baxter Reid, and Claude Raiche, interestingly enough, all from #10. B league umps are Laurie Rogers, Levi Domenix, Campbell and McGuinness. All the umps are qualified and work all the games all season, which is quite a lot of work, considering the thanklessness of the job. Umpires always draw criticism when they have to make a close call in favour of one team or another. According to Bezanson the officiating, nevertheless, is very fair and unbiased. "They call 'em the way they see 'em."



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Trying to prove their honesty, the umps played a game with the B league. They did all right but they lost when Marty Smith took over as pitcher, holding a 19-2 lead and finishing 28-21.

THE GRAND ANNUAL SOFTBALL TOURNAMENT

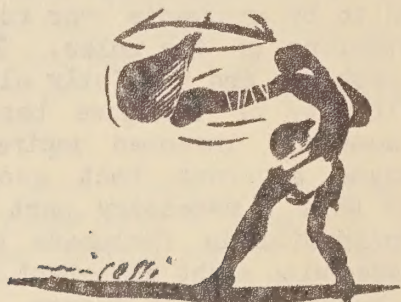
Although it started miserably, with the initial game called for rain, and finished only slightly better with the All Stars losing by only a couple of runs to the Springhill Alpines, the Grand Annual Springhill Softball tourney is over for this year but looks well on its way to achieving the status of one of the worlds premier sporting events.

As mentioned, the preliminary match on Friday night between the All Stars and Springhill was cancelled because the rain and fog made it next to impossible for the catchers to see second base, so the game was rescheduled as the Sunday

night final. On Saturday morning, Rene, Bill and the rest of the Rec Gangere were up early, pulled on their galoshes and proceeded to splash some of the water off the soggy ball field. Somewhat later that morning, the Parrsboro Belevederes in their 'Beautiful Blues', shook off their hangovers and trotted out to lose 6-5 to the Amherst Save-Easies.

Following the traditional beans and wieners luncheon at the tacky Springhill Diner the fired up All Stars roared onto the field and demolished Amherst 13-1. This game proved to be the finest hour for our boys in black. The Saturday night game turned out to be a bit of a joke. Parrsboro was wiped out, 19-9, at the hands of the Springhill Alpines.

The tournament continued on Sunday morning with Parrsboro making a tremendous comeback in defeating the All Stars 10-9. The Alpines continued their steady play, beating those Easy fellows from Amherst 9-6. The final game between the Alpines and the All Stars for the championship was a close one. Mel Reddick's great hitting and pitching proved to be of no value as the Alpines, led by the gruesome Caulfield brothers, played another consistent game winning 7-4. Over all, the tournament was successful and added a touch of comic relief to the drudgery of a rainy weekend.



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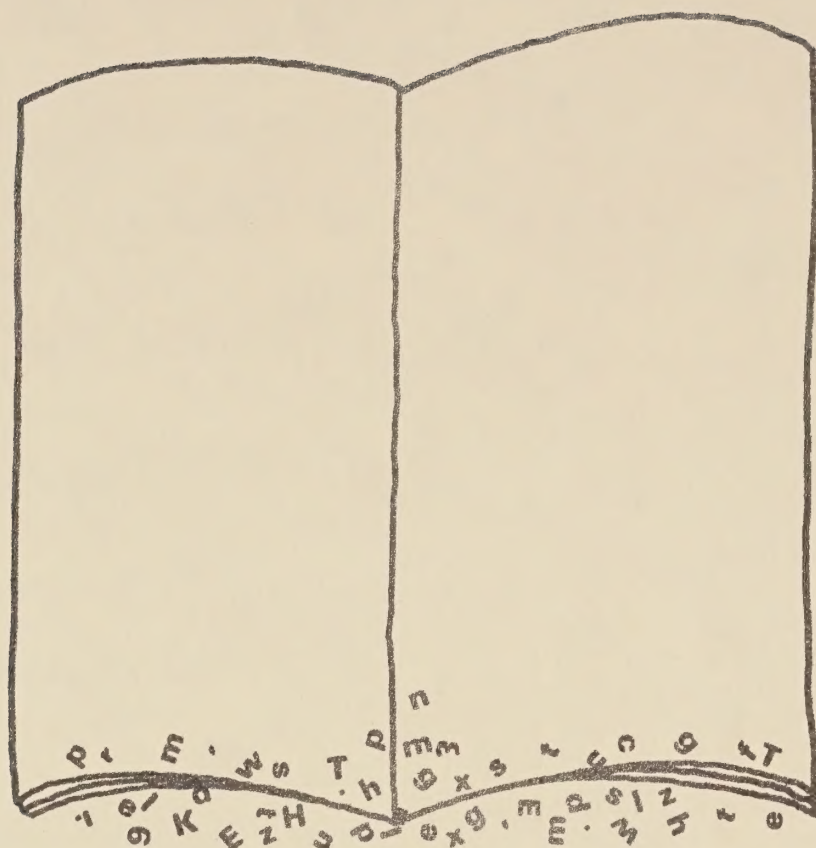
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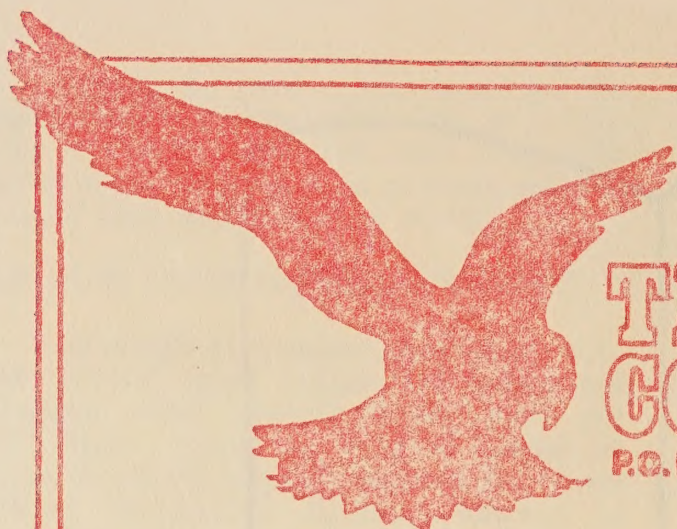
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